

IOWA HISTORICAL RECORD

VOL. VII.

OCTOBER, 1891.

No. 4.

RALPH P. LOWE.

Ralph Phillips Lowe was born in Warren County, Ohio, Nov. 27th, 1805. He graduated at the Miami University in 1829 and went to Alabama where he studied law and was admitted to the bar. He removed to Dayton in 1835 and practiced law in partnership with his brother, Peter Per-Lee Lowe. He removed to Iowa in 1840 and settled in Muscatine—then Bloomington. He was elected member of the first Constitutional Convention, District Attorney, District Judge, Governor, Judge of the Supreme Court and Assistant United States District Attorney, and for all the years of his residence in Iowa, when not in official position, a lawyer in full and active practice. He removed to Washington City in 1874—to urge upon the federal government a claim made by the Legislature of Iowa to five per cent upon the value of land located under military warrants. He died in Washington on December the 22nd, 1883.



THE family of Lowes to which the subject of this sketch belonged, had its original American home in New Jersey, and were immigrants from Holland. There is a family tradition that the Lowes were driven from Scotland in the persecutions in the days of John Knox and lived in Holland during the sixteenth century.

Cornelius Lowe lived in New Jersey in the 17th century. He married Judith Medaugh and had seven children. Derrick, the second child, was born in 1719. He (Derrick) married Rebecca Emmons in 1747. They had fourteen children of whom Jacob Derrick was the twelfth, born 1767. Jacob Derrick married Martha Per-Lee. These were the parents of

one daughter and five sons. Ralph Phillips, (the subject of this sketch) was the fifth child. The family married into other large families of New Jersey, VanNests, VanVleets, Emmons, Bodine, etc. The Lowes were simply Dutch colonists who made no mark in the world except to belong to that early army of workers who each helped to lay the foundation of our present greatness. Governor Lowe took no especial interest in his genealogy and would simply laugh at those who would go into the matter in detail, and usually said, "I am not informed as to my remote ancestry but am satisfied to know I belong to the Knickerbockers who have been so valuable to American jurisprudence." Gov. Lowe was reared on a farm and taught to do hard work with the axe and cradle, and while laboring in the field often he heard the horn of an approaching stage-coach and hoped the time would come when he too could drive a coach. It was the dream of his boyhood.

His father's farm was at one time a stopping place for the coaches to feed or exchange the horses and the home was used as an inn for the travelers. Thus Ralph was thrown in contact with national characters and was particularly happy whenever Henry Clay would stay at his father's house.

At length his ideas and ambitions widened and he entered Miami University in 1825.

A letter from the University on May 28th, 1829, written to his brother, Peter Per-Lee Lowe, asked for the loan of "\$10 or \$15 at any per cent. interest"—and continues: "If you ask what imperious demand I have for money at this time, I answer that I have not the wherewith to cover my nakedness. I am literally coatless with the exception of an old flannel round-about that I have had eighteen months. Destitute of other articles of clothing in the same proportion, etc."

He wrote during his Sophomore year: "My ambition at times is ungovernable, again it is careless and indifferent about honor or applause, yet could I be convinced that my health would bear me through, no exertion would be wanting on my part to warrant me that reward which awaits every man

of a virtuous intent and of indefatigable industry. I would dispel that cloud of darkness which has enveloped me from my nativity and rend those mystic and sturdy knots of science in order to speed my way to that pinnacle of fame at which every man may arrive by virtue and application."

College days with its struggles were at length over. He possessed some knowledge of Latin and Greek, even Hebrew (of which he was especially fond) and Spanish, but not a cent of income. His father offered to give him a farm, now within the limits of the city of Chicago, but he refused to farm. There was something of a family jar as a result, and all paternal assistance was withdrawn.

Ralph borrowed \$200, purchased a pony, and, in company with two friends, started south, horseback, in search of a fortune, hoping to find a school to teach while reading law.

He stopped a few days at Frankfort, "supped with Henry Clay and divers other big folk who were very stately and formal in their address." There he was presented with "a fine buck handle cane which was of important service to me while it lasted."

A few days later his pony was kicked by a mule and so lamed that he was unable to keep up with his companions. While riding through Gideonville (some small hamlet in Tennessee) several miles behind his friends, he attracted some attention, astride the small pony, with his tall hat and cane. He wrote: "I was obliged to shed Tennessee blood, the circumstances were as follows, etc.—I was assaulted by a large fellow who stepped out of a liquor store, caught up a rock of several pounds and hurled it at my head, which knocked off my hat without injury to myself. Thinks I: supermogumpregations and splinterdictions, being infuriated at such audacious impertinence, I quickly dismounted and made towards the rascal. * * * Upheld by justice I gave him a most severe beating, cut his head all to pieces with my buck handled cane, in short, broke my staff all up upon his head; he finally begged for his life very pitifully,

made every acknowledgement and promised to treat the company. I was heartily cheered by the citizens for this act, who readily confessed they were afraid of him, being a very vicious fighting character, said that he had only an hour before whipped and cruelly abused one of the best men of the place.

Ralph's father pointed out to him that these mishaps were indications that Providence disapproved of his removal to the South—but Ralph, in reply, questioned whether Providence would select a kicking mule or a vicious ruffian to act as His instruments. So he wrote that he would adopt as his motto "*nil desperandum*," and hope and work for success. He settled in Ashesville, Alabama, and taught school and read law. His success for a young man and lawyer, just admitted, was most remarkable, he having retainers within a year, in every case of importance in his county. He returned North in 1834 and was glad to be out of debt and the possessor of a small capital. He formed a partnership in the practice of law with his brother, Peter P. Lowe, at Dayton. It was there that he became acquainted with Miss Phoebe Carleton, who had been attending school in the East, and was the adopted daughter of her uncle, Dr. Fairchild, of Cincinnati. Their wedding occurred in 1837 and in their long married life, forty-six years, were peculiarly devoted. Mrs. Lowe proved equal to every situation, and made hosts of friends in Keokuk and elsewhere throughout the state. She still survives her husband, and resides in Washington City.

In 1840, Mr. and Mrs. Lowe, with an infant son, removed to Iowa. They took with them two wagons and two saddle horses. They were six weeks en route, and greatly enjoyed their journey. The spring bed in their covered wagon, the bountiful provision chest, the abounding game, the new country, wide prairies and flowering grasses, each contributed in its way some pleasure to the hopeful emigrants. They settled at Bloomington (now Muscatine). At first a small log cabin was built at the outskirts of the town, the land was cleared and a beginning was made. In a year there was a

new house, efficient labor secured, and Mr. Lowe was enabled to practice law and yet enjoy his farm life. He often spoke of the ten years in Muscatine as the happiest in his life. The life of Mr. Lowe now began to assume larger proportions. He was interested in the affairs of the territory of Iowa. He soon widened the circle of his acquaintances as he traveled on the circuit in the practice of law. He was a member of the first Constitutional Convention, District Attorney, then District Judge. Said Ex-Chief Justice G. G. Wright, in addressing the Supreme Court upon the occasion of the death of Judge Lowe:—"Few men in Iowa filled a larger space in matters of state than Governor Lowe. So, too, few men made a more marked impression upon society, upon his profession, or upon any work in which he engaged. The compeer of Wicher, Hastings, Woodward, Richman, Butler and others in his own county; of the Cooks, of his after partner, Judge Carleton, of Rorer, Grimes, the Stars, Browning, Rich, Hempstead, Grant, Miller, Van Allen, Springer, Mitchell and others of the different circuits and districts. His practice before his elevation to the bench was large and extensive, and his name from 1841 to 1850, will be found in connection with almost every case of importance in the counties of Muscatine, Louisa, Cedar, Linn, and Johnson, and with many of the weightier questions determined by this court during those years.

"As a judge, his leading characteristic was a strong disposition to brush away all technicalities, if, in his mind, they barred the way to what he esteemed justice in the particular case. He was apt to be more of the arbitrator than the judge, or to decide the case before him, rather than to look for the law as a general rule of action. This was the outgrowth of his innate and controlling sense of justice as between individuals which induced him to overlook at times the most salutary rules. In a contest between a strong, affluent, scheming plaintiff, and a poor confiding defendant, he would unconsciously solve every possible doubt against

the plaintiff, and the so-called technical rules were made his servants in arriving at what he regarded as right for the case in hand. I well remember an instance when he knew the parties well," continues Judge Wright, "knew that the defendant was a widow, and the plaintiff, a man of large business capacity, being fully possessed of the conviction, not so much from the record, as from what he knew of the parties, that there was a purpose to wrong the widow, he positively and most strongly and earnestly maintained, that whatever the errors of procedure, or departure from technical lines, her attorney's appeal should be sustained; and it was only after hours of discussion, and time for reflection that he yielded to what he could not deny was the better law.

"He was therefore, as you can see, at all times, a merciful and humane judge and executive. Justice and mercy never were in his hands defeated by too close an adherence to abstract or technical rules. If he erred—and I speak it not to his dispraise—it was the allowing justice according to his views, in the case at bar, the victory, rather than throttle it by too close an adherence to general rules or principles.

"As a judge he was always impartial, genial, tolerant of the views of his associates and affable and pleasant in his relations to the bar and public. He would advance his own conclusions without hesitation, but never failed to give an attentive ear to opposite views and it was seldom, if ever, that he exhibited that spirit of dogmatism so unfortunate when possessed by members of a court of last resort. When once, however, as the result of careful and candid discussion, or of careful and thoughtful examination of authorities, he took his position, he was as immovable as the hills. But even this he seemed to do not in the spirit that he regretted your views and rejoiced in his better one, but rather that he would be doing great injustice to the parties if he yielded. He was an honest judge and an honest man. His opinions, spread throughout the volumes from

the year 1860 to 1868, will compare favorably with any in our judicial history, and give the most abundant evidence, of his industry, his devotion to the right, and his comprehensive views of the ground work of our government, and just system of jurisprudence. We may have had judges more learned in the books—having greater familiarity with the whole abstract reason and philosophy of the law, but few, if any, with minds and consciences better fitted to dispose of and justly settle all the complicated and vexed questions coming before a tribunal of last resort.”

Judge Lowe was elected Governor in 1858, and was the first to serve under the present constitution. In 1860 he was elected by the people Judge of the Supreme Court. Therefore the election to the office was made by the legislature. During the war he was active in the service of the Union. It so happened that when he was Governor a military company was organized in Dubuque, which assumed the name of “Governor’s Greys” out of compliment to the Governor. The company joined the First Infantry in a body, the greater number of its members being business men. When the company arrived in Keokuk, the Governor’s home, he took it under his special protection. When in quarters in the city before going into camp, the company was the recipient of some delicacy from the ex-governor every day, and after the regiment was in camp, and fully organized, he distributed his favors among the companies by turn—though the turn of company I, “my Greys,” came pretty often. The day the regiment received marching orders Gov. Lowe appeared in camp and shook hands with nearly every soldier, and when the “I’s” gathered about him on their street, the tears filled his eyes, and with voice trembling with emotion he said, “Boys, I wish I could go with you—you’ll honor your old name I know.” He was a warm friend of the soldier.

The life of Gov. Lowe would not be complete without some recital of his connection with the so-called “Five Per Cent Claim.” When the different Western States were admitted

into the Union there was an agreement that the State should not tax lands sold by the government until five years after the sale, and to compensate the State for the loss of this income the general government agreed to pay the State five per cent upon the proceeds of all the sales. During the wars of 1812, and especially the Mexican War, the U. S. Government, in order to induce soldiers to enlist, offered to pay them in addition to a certain amount of money per month, a certain amount of land. The government issued land scrip, representing eighty acres, and it passed almost the same as cash at (\$1.25 per acre or) \$100. It was purchased by eastern speculators and located by them, covering nearly two-fifths of the area of the State of Iowa and also large districts in other States. The State did not tax these lands for five years after they were located. Does the U. S. Government owe the State five per cent upon the proceeds of this land? Gov. Lowe held that these lands offered (just as cash was offered) to the soldiers in advance of enlistment was "pay" and not "bounty."

If given subsequent to service, cash is "pension" and land is "bounty," and then it is a quasi "gift." These lands were offered as cash was offered. They were "pay." They were earned. And, as between the United States and the State of Iowa—no other agreement is known than that the State should not tax lands for five years after it is located and the United States should pay the State five per cent of the sales. Accordingly the State did not tax lands located under military warrants. If the claim were allowed, the United States would pay the State of Iowa over \$800,000.

Judge Lowe left the supreme bench in 1868 to prosecute the claim. He was made assistant U. S. District Attorney for a few years, until the legislature of Iowa should make the claim and authorize the Governor to appoint an agent. During this time Judge Lowe corresponded with the officials in Missouri, Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, and many other states who had a similar claim against the government. He had a profound conviction that the claim was a just one. He corresponded

with the most renowned lawyers and jurists of America and all agreed with him that the claim was just.

During the following ten or twelve years Judge Lowe lived in Washington and labored to influence Congress to pay the claim. The bill once passed the Senate, but, within three days, Senator Morgan moved to reconsider and it was then laid on the table while the friends of the bill were absent from the chamber. At length Judge Lowe saw that his failing health warned him that he must act speedily, if he would win the claim before he died. He determined upon a heroic course. He had the Supreme Court issue a writ of mandamus against the Commissioner of the Land Office requiring him to show cause why he did not allow the claim. He had associated with him Wm. M. Evarts, of New York, Allen G. Thurman, of Ohio, the late Senator McDonald, of Indiana, and Judge Shellabarger, of Washington, D. C. These all believed the court would render a favorable decision. The court decided adversely (Miller and Field dissenting), and, knowing that Judge Lowe was fatally ill withheld the announcement of their decision until after his death, that he might escape a disappointment.

A few weeks before his death, Judge Lowe sent for Justice Miller, wishing that he might learn something hopeful before he died, but Judge Miller was mercifully reticent, and, although Judge Lowe suspected that the decision was against him—he thought the delay in announcing it was caused by the desire of the court for time to investigate, either to prepare the judges to vote or to write the opinion, and he passed away hoping the decision might be favorable.

Judge Lowe's characteristics are difficult to describe. He was an honest man and honesty was written in his countenance. In 1872 he left Philadelphia in a Pullman sleeper for the West, late in the afternoon. Before retiring, a lady passenger asked for an interview and explained that before leaving the city of Philadelphia, she had failed to meet her brother whom she had expected to express for her, to her home in Kansas,

the contents of her valise and she was obliged to take her valise with her. She then showed to Mr. Lowe (a stranger to her) the contents of her valise which proved to be large rolls of bank notes, amounting to many thousands of dollars. She asked him if he would please take care of it for her until he left the train. He took it to the dining room, at her request, even when she did not leave the car. They did not exchange names. Before parting, he advised her not to put so much confidence in a stranger. She replied that she would always trust his countenance to be honest.

He was an interesting man. He was a total abstainer from liquor and tobacco and found his recreation in human fellowship or in communion with nature. Many are the stories he told of the days in which he "rode the circuit" in company with other lawyers. How the party would enjoy a "round" before an open fire before retiring. Each one was obliged to do something for the entertainment of the party. Sing or recite or tell a tale or even dance a jig.

It was a style of recreation which Mr. Lowe especially enjoyed, and often said the laughter of the company upon such occasions was usually immoderate.

He enjoyed sacred songs which all could sing without books. The holiest and happiest hour was Sabbath's twilight, spent in song before the large log fire in winter, or upon the veranda overlooking the Mississippi in the summer evenings.

His attachment for a friend was peculiarly strong, and he always resented an attack upon the good name of an absent friend. With him an assault upon a friend was an assault upon himself.

As illustrating this point, ex-Senator G. G. Wright says: "At a time of consultation in the hotel in Keokuk, Baldwin and myself waited for him [Lowe] one morning. From the window I had seen him approach, so, after some delay, I stepped to the office, and just as I entered I heard him say to a gentleman with whom it seemed he had been in conversa-

tion, 'You have insulted me because you have spoken unkindly and untruly of my friend Mr. Kasson.' The gentleman tried to explain that he intended no offense, that he was the judge's friend, but all of no avail, for the judge, with uplifted arm said in the most emphatic manner: 'Take it back or I will smash your face!' He retracted. At another time when, in 1876, Judge Lowe was over seventy years of age, he ordered a client out of his law office because he had spoken disparagingly of Gen. Belknap, his one-time partner and old-time friend. The man answered, 'Suppose I don't go, what would you do?' Taking him by the shoulder, the judge said: 'I will break your head and pitch you down stairs, for no man can abuse a friend of mine in my presence and his absence with impunity.' The man was his client, but finding that he must retract or suffer the consequence he made his peace."

Instances might be multiplied where Gov. Lowe met falsehood and wrong by an appeal to physical force. In his own dealings he was gentle and unobtrusive, not self-willed nor determined to carry his own ends by violence. The only instances where he was disposed to physical violence were those in which he felt stung by injustice, and knew the moral strength of his position. When inflamed by indignation his voice and conduct were terrorizing. It was, to his antagonist, painfully apparent that it was a righteous indignation. One night during the presidential campaign of 1844, Judge Lowe was riding in a steamboat upon the Mississippi river reading one of Dickens' stories; it was raining and the passengers were crowded into the cabin. Suddenly the peace of the passengers was broken by a party of politicians who denounced the party to which Judge Lowe belonged in very severe language. At the conclusion of a bitter speech Judge Lowe arose and complained of the way his peace was disturbed by the outrageous slanderer and falsifier. He was subsequently informed that he might expect a challenge from this man. The next morning he was offered a note from his

political antagonist. He refused to receive it but sent a message to the writer to come and see him in person. At length he came surrounded by many friends. Judge Lowe again denounced him and demanded him to fight instantly. The man instantly apologized.

Judge Lowe was one of the most credulous of men. It was the more remarkable in him, because he had met all phases of human character and was very familiar with the evil side of human nature, through contact with it in the court room. A friend of Judge Lowe at one time borrowed \$500 of him, a few months later he informed him that the money was at his disposal. "I only borrowed it, so that I might keep it for you." Judge Lowe's heart was very sympathetic. No one, with an appeal failed to reach his sympathy and his pocketbook. And so he never saved any money, and often needed it. His life motto: "Nil Desperandum" was usually in play.

Gov. Lowe had a strong religious nature. He made a profession of his faith in Jesus Christ in early life, and was a firm believer until he died. Judge Beck says: "Governor Lowe was an intelligent, sincere and devout christian, and endeavored to control his life by the principles of his religion. While he would never obtrude his faith upon the attention of others, he never sought to conceal it, or hesitated in the spirit of its principles to defend it." Judge Lowe believed firmly in the inspiration of the scriptures and was rather mystical than rationalistic in his interpretation of them. He was especially fond of prophecy. The mystical passages of Daniel and Revelation were his delight. It must be confessed that the conservative theologians are agnostic as regards the interpretation of these passages, and to the body of the church, any one who claims to be able to interpret them, is "visionary" and "erratic." Judge Lowe, therefore, from that standpoint was visionary, but it must again be said, to his credit, that he was not dogmatic, and did not feel called to prophesy or deliver any message to the world. He was especially

interested in the Second Coming of Christ. He studied with intense interest the political and international situation of Europe to see Gog and Magog form for the great conflict. He expected Christ to reappear in person within a score of years—at the time of his death, and greatly wished that he might be spared to “meet the Lord in the air.”

He was interested in the so-called inspiration of the pyramid, and believed it was a “Miracle in Stone” and referred to in Isaiah xix, 19–20.

He was interested in the identification of the Anglo-Saxon race with some of the lost tribes of Israel, which is based upon the analogy between the English people (in England and the United States of America), and the prophesies concerning Ephraim and Manasseh. With Judge Lowe the postulates of God’s existence and scripture’s inspiration carried with them all mysteries. An interpretation of scriptural prophecy which seemed mysterious was not objectionable to him on that account. He merely preferred what he thought was the best interpretation—mystical though it be—to no interpretation at all.

While governor, he wrote to his brother in Dayton as follows:

EXECUTIVE CHAMBER, IOWA, }
KEOKUK, March 20, 1859. }

DEAR BROTHER:—We can readily conceive how great a chasm has been produced in your family circle by the destroying Angel of Death, and how deeply you must all feel yourselves afflicted in parting with one so dearly loved and so worthy of your best affections. But this separation will not be long, a few brief days or years at most and we will all fall asleep in death and pass to our spirit home either in a world of retribution or one of recompense. This undoubtedly is the order of the moral system under which we live. How carelessly have we all regarded this great moral fact upon which hinges such mighty interests. I have a clear conviction that J—— has passed to a world of recompense, a land of the reunion of saints, where those who die in the Lord (as he did) will meet him, and never again be separated, where disease and death will never again invade the domestic hearth or break up the family relations. But to secure this immortal inheritance, we must not overlook the clearest light of revelation, which among other things declares to us the great doctrines of the divine life are: *a knowledge of the Deity—reconciliation with the Father and communion with the Eternal Spirit.* I feel that this dispensation of

yours was intended as a lesson for all the relatives which should be improved. In reviewing the past, I can not but feel that I have rested too much upon the outside of religion, upon its external rites and ceremonies, that I have not possessed its inward life and power, and it may be on this account that I am now passing through the darkest period of my life. Two years ago the future seemed bright. I supposed, after my debts were paid, I was worth 75 or \$80,000, to-day I would exchange all I have for my own and the liabilities of those I am bound for. Instead of withdrawing from the active scenes of both private and public life as I had hoped to do in a short time, and pass the remainder of my days in quiet at home, my destiny is now shaped anew and I must struggle on to the end of my days on earth, which I shall try to do with proper resignation, trusting in the Lord."

Judge Lowe's last illness extended over four or five years, during which time he continued to practice law. At length it attacked his vital parts and six weeks of terrible suffering reduced his flesh and strength, so that his attendants were obliged to lift him bodily, and his eyes were closed not only from pain but because cataracts were forming, indeed they were so well formed that his vision was seriously impaired. At length his extreme weakness indicated that the end was near, when suddenly, on Saturday night, December 22d, 1883, at about nine o'clock, he arose and resting his body upon his elbows, he turned his head to gaze into a part of the ceiling which he had not previously faced. His eyes were wide open. He gazed with wonder and rapture for an instant, so that the family felt constrained to look up also to see what he saw. Instantly he died, leaving behind in the features of his worn body a restful smile which he had not known for months until in the article of death. His body was laid away in Greenwood Cemetery at Washington. A simple marble slab marks the spot and it tells the simple faith and triumphant hope of the humble man whose name it bears—

"RALPH PHILLIPS LOWE,
BORN NOV. 27TH, 1805,
DIED DEC. 22D, 1883.

CHRIST THE FIRST FRUITS AFTERWARD THOSE THAT ARE
CHRIST'S AT HIS COMING."

MRS. CLARA A. DODGE.*



IN THE death of Mrs. Dodge, Burlington loses a venerable lady whose life was identified with the growth of the city for more than half a century. Her personal worth, her superior character, her mental brightness, her gracious and courtly manner, joined with the utmost simplicity and sincerity, her dignity and composure in all scenes and in all events, the beauty and devotion of her domestic life, and her supreme charity, evinced the genial and generous nature with which she was endowed, and which won for her the warm affection of friends and the respect and honor of the whole community.

Born in St. Genevieve, the oldest town on the west side of the Mississippi river, she was descended on her mother's side from some of the oldest and most respectable French families who settled in the ancient province of Louisiana in the last century,—the families of Villars and Valle. Her mother's maiden name was Mercelite de Villars. She was the youngest of sixteen children of Claude Joseph Villars, and was born in New Orleans in 1782. Claude Joseph Villars was one of the commissioners appointed by the French government for the purchase of goods in that market for the French islands in the West Indies. His services in promoting the trade and interests of France at New Orleans are honorably recorded in Gayarre's "History of Louisiana Under the Spanish Domination," pp. 106-118. He served subsequently in the Spanish service as a civil commandant in Upper Louisiana. The maiden name of his wife was Marie Valle; she was a daughter of Don Francois Valle, pere, and sister of Don Francois Valle, fils, who were commandants of the post of St. Genevieve during most of the time it was under the Spanish domination.

Mrs. Dodge's father was Prof. Joseph Hertich, a native of

*Reprinted from the Burlington Hawkeye of April 25, 1891.

Switzerland, who came to the United States about the year 1796, landing at Baltimore, and, after teaching awhile in Danville, Ky., came to St. Genevieve in 1810, where he established a flourishing school, and was married to Miss Mercelite de Villars in 1815.

Clara Ann Hertich was born at St. Genevieve, June 20, 1819, and early developed that quick intelligence which marked her whole life. She was fond of study and assisted her father in the school room. Among his pupils was Augustus C. Dodge, also a native of St. Genevieve; she frequently assisted him in mastering his lessons, and their acquaintance ripened in their marriage on the 19th of March, 1837, she being then in the eighteenth year of her age. There was another suitor for her hand, and General George W. Jones, who was present at the wedding, tells some amusing incidents of the occasion. There was never a happier union; it lasted in perfect felicity for more than forty-six years until the death of her honored and beloved husband on the 20th of November, 1883. The bridal party made their home in Dodgeville, Wisconsin Territory, where Mr. Dodge was engaged in lead mining. Upon the organization of the territory of Iowa in 1838 they removed to Burlington, where Mr. Dodge had received from President Van Buren the appointment of register of the United States land office. Here was their home the remainder of their days. Their first residence in this city was in a frame dwelling that stood upon the ground now occupied by the Congregational church, on Fourth street. It was consumed by fire on Christmas Eve, 1838, near the hour of midnight; Mrs. Dodge escaped from under the blazing beams and rafters through a window, barefooted and in her night clothes, carrying in her arms her first born to the hospitable home of Mr. William H. Starr, which stood on the corner above. In the labors and privations of pioneer life Mrs. Dodge bore with her husband a brave and cheerful part. Their home was always the seat of a generous and kindly hospitality. As her husband was called to stations of responsibility and honor as delegate to congress,

senator of the United States, minister to the court of Spain, she frequently accompanied him to Washington, and subsequently went with him to Madrid. In every situation she made hosts of friends, and was equal to every demand of etiquette and ceremony, whether among American senators or grandees of Spain, and was also thoroughly informed upon all matters of public concern. Upon leaving Spain, the queen presented her own portrait to Mrs. Dodge in token of her majesty's appreciation and esteem.

The evening of her life was passed among the sweet amenities of her home, and many were her quiet walks to the abodes of the poor and suffering in our city. She often joined with her husband in the Old Settler's Festivals of this and adjoining counties, where old associations and memories were revived, and the pioneers of Iowa vied with each other in doing them honor. She joined with her husband in assiduous care and devotion to the comfort of his parents, the late Governor Henry Dodge and his wife, of Wisconsin, in their declining years; and more recently they guarded as well with fond pride and affection the budding years of their grandson, until her life was saddened by his death, and afterwards by the death of her two sons, Augustus V. and Charles J. She bore sorrow and trial with unfailing faith, and with characteristic forgetfulness of self brightened dark hours with sympathy and consideration for others, and met the final scene with smiling hope in the mercy of God and with pious resignation to His will.

Her remains were interred in Aspen Grove cemetery by the side of her husband. Near by are the graves of Governor Henry Dodge and his wife, and of Governor James Clarke and his wife. Governor Clarke was the third and last governor of the territory of Iowa; his wife was a sister of General A. C. Dodge.

WILLIAM SALTER.

THE MAKING OF IOWA.



ASTER minds always exert a potent influence upon communities which are in the formative state.

The shells and crusts which grow on the aged communities prevent their words and deeds from being felt as forming influences in the older places.

Hence it is, that the young man who feels within himself the living germs of greatness, desirous of conflict, and success, turns his footsteps naturally to the new fields, the colonies, so to speak, of his country.

When in 1836 the great American desert contracted itself upon the newer maps of the time and released to the pioneers the country lying between the Mississippi and the Missouri, strong young men rose up from their places to seek the virgin field of Iowa.

What a galaxy of great men we can gather from the lists of those days. We need but mention James Harlan, James W. Grimes, Ralph P. Lowe, George G. Wright, Judge Miller, Gen. A. C. Dodge, J. C. Hall, Judge Love, George Gillaspie, and the mention of these calls up from memory's hall a long list of others, every one a host, whose every day in Iowa, like the blacksmith's hammer on heat-softened iron, brought the community into the shape and form which their strong wills ordained.

Had these men lived in the earlier days of polytheism and pantheism, before the art of writing and printing dethroned tradition, and made history possible, each man would have been enthroned by the side of Hercules, Vulcan, Apollo and the other crystallizations of that early time.

While the little brook sings "men may come and men may go but I go on forever," and there is a sense in which the weak rivulet excels the greatest man in lasting qualities, yet there is another sense in which men's deeds never die.

The first discoverer of the art of working iron appears to us with an *alias*. We do not know whether his name was

Tubal Cain or King Hephraustus and we may not be certain whether he was not entitled to both names, the twain being one, but while his identity is nebulous in the mists of ages, the deed lives, and one is bewildered while passing in review his crude work at his rude forge as compared with the steel rails and bridges of to-day. But the thread is unbroken from the iron wonders of to-day back to Tubal Cain.

It was fortunate for Iowa that in her forming period such men came to her virgin soil. They have given her an orbit of motion which can only result in increasing greatness and so these men taking part in the making of Iowa must in all time to come also take a share of the glory in her grander growths and developments.

It was only a short time before I came to our State that the people had chosen James W. Grimes of Iowa as Governor. I do not think either he or the people at that time knew how great he was. It was my good fortune a few years later to know him well. Possessing a wealth of information that was amazing, for he *seemed* to be indolent, and blessed with that rare gift, common sense, he was in that early day known and consulted as a wise man by such men as Lincoln, Trumbull, Chase, Horace Greeley and Fessenden.

He brought as his gift to the State, a clear and comprehensive knowledge of her future possibilities of growth and development, and with the eye of a master he looked out into the years yet unfolded, saw her dangers, anticipated her pride, and seemed gifted with a prescience almost miraculous.

I remember in one of those early days hearing him tell who were to be the coming political leaders in Iowa. Recalling the list I am surprised at his prophetic power. Always as he served the people he thought of their permanent advantage, not of their present pleasure. He cared more for the future than the present. He died soon after his return from a foreign land, while under the temporary cloud of the displeasure of the people he loved and had served well, but I am told by a lady who sat by his bedside in those sad fading

days that his confidence was perfect that in time it would be seen that he had worked well for his people. He sleeps in the bosom of his adopted State quietly and all the people with one accord attribute to him, wisdom, greatness, and power.

No community-moulder ever did more for Iowa than James W. Grimes. As a speaker he was logical and convincing, not rhetorical or eloquent. Plain people listened to him and wondered why it was that though apparently he had told them no new thing yet he had so stated old and well-known truths that the argument was unanswerable.

Ralph P. Lowe, his successor as Governor, was as unlike Grimes in his qualities as he well could be, yet he had a work to do in the making of Iowa and did his work well.

It was his work to hold and classify, to formulate and digest. He possessed that affable and pleasing manner which put all who met him at ease. He brought with him from his native Maryland the high sense of honor, the loyal defense of his friends, which characterized him at all times. A true gentleman inside and out, no adverse circumstances nor want of worldly means could in the least roughen his manners or sour his disposition. He possessed in high degree a sweet spirit. A good lawyer, gracing for many years both the District and Supreme bench, he exerted many and powerful influences upon our people. He taught us how to be courteous to friends or foe, yet firm and unbending in the discharge of duty and that he who scorned dishonor and never allowed a tarnishing word to be spoken of a friend can never be anything but a true man.

The period during which Gov. Lowe occupied the executive chair was the period of settlement and immigration, of material development, and no one can ever tell how the charm of his personal manners drew men to Iowa as their home, reasoning that a people whose chief man was so kindly organized must be a pleasant people with whom to live and home making with such generous spirits a continuous and daily joy.

In 1860 the war clouds, flecky and innocent looking, began to gather on the horizon, yet speaking to the far seeing people in a language which created in their minds a dread apprehension as yet undefined and shadowy. It cannot have been altogether accidental that Samuel J. Kirkwood was chosen as Governor of the State. Rough, rugged and honest, fearless in the discharge of his duties it seemed that Mars himself had furnished our good State with the very best executive. Well do the older citizens remember the campaign between Samuel J. Kirkwood and Hon. A. C. Dodge which resulted in Kirkwood's election. Dodge came into the field freighted with a large experience, having had many years of public life as United States senator and then as minister to Spain, well acquainted with public affairs, of good and noble family, he and his father having sat together as United States Senators, the father from young Wisconsin and the son from younger Iowa, and backed by the powerful influence of the administration fully realizing the seriousness of the struggle.

Kirkwood had the natural strength of a great debater, a full assurance in his own mind that his cause was just and the comforting consciousness that the awakening minds of the people were falling rapidly into support of the views he advocated.

No joint discussion ever held in Iowa attracted more attention. Its influence was powerful in forming a public opinion which has lasted more than a quarter of a century, and among the thinkers of the state it is conceded that the truthful historian must give Samuel J. Kirkwood the front rank in the long line of great men who have led the people into conclusions which have ruled them in public affairs for a whole generation.

The style of the two speakers was in contrast. Dodge spoke well, not eloquently, but with the feeling of one having authority. He had heard in the United States senate, Clay, Webster, Calhoun, Cass and Benton. The line of administrative thought was as familiar to him as every day speech.

Kirkwood could not be said to be eloquent but he was the most convincing debater I ever heard. His language was correct and simple, his figures of speech plain and homely, and every word went home with convincing power to the reason and consciousness of his hearers. They felt carried as by a powerful wind Kirkwood's way and when the wind ceased to blow they felt anchored in the right as rocks and mighty forest trees rest firmly in the staid and solid earth. Most people speak of Samuel J. Kirkwood as the great war Governor and he *is* entitled to every honor in that respect that has been conferred upon and conceded to him, but in my way of thinking the greatest and most lasting work Kirkwood ever did was in the joint discussion with General Dodge when they met as opposing candidates for Governor.

General S. R. Curtis was another man of mark in those early and formative days. A graduate of West Point, a dignified, stately gentleman, he was nominated for congress by the republicans of the first district: his opponent was Hon. C. C. Cole of Des Moines. Their joint discussion was an event of great moment in those early days. The two men were very unevenly matched in debate. Curtis was a soldier but not an orator, Cole was eloquent to a degree that justified giving him the appellation of "*silver tongued*." Curtis had the rugged, uncultured strength which comes from an absolute conviction that he was right, amounting to an intuition, and he like Kirkwood, gained a force which comes from a knowledge that behind him was the firm judgment of the people that his cause was just. Cole had the skill and trained art of an advocate and could almost by his winning words and facile pleas convince men against their own reason. In all ordinary times the victory would have been with Cole, but the glow and furnace heat of intense thought and apprehension turned the scale and Curtis was successful.

When before his term of service expired the war broke out, with the instincts of a soldier and burning with patriotism Curtis left the hall of Congress for the tented field and soon

wrote his name in imperishable letters of light at Pea Ridge.

I do not know whether any other State has such a record, but it is true that when the war broke out Iowa's entire house delegation enlisted, Gen. Curtis from the first, Gen. Vandever from the second. These men, with the aid of the times, brought about such a fervent heat of patriotism that more than 70,000 of Iowa's sons marched and counter-marched as soldiers of the union in that great war for its preservation.

Another maker of Iowa thought, and moulder of her institutions was Hon. John A. Kasson. Young, eloquent, enthusiastic and educated, he early entered the political arena.

His speech ran like molten silver, and the people listened with delight to his fervid appeals and cogent reasoning.

The brightness of his genius flashed past the borders of his State and the administration of Abraham Lincoln called him to a high place, that of first assistant Post Master General. His ability soon made itself manifest and in diplomacy he has ranked with the ablest, so that his fame has become national, yet his first work was done for Iowa and no one can write of those who worked out for Iowa her present greatness and properly omit the name of Kasson.

The limits of this article bid me hurry on, else I should be called to speak of Samuel A. Rice, James F. Wilson, M. L. McPherson and many others and it must not be forgotten that the thought of Iowa was not alone directed and shaped by the forum.

The press then as ever was doing a mighty work.

Perhaps no one man fired heavier shots from the press than Clark Dunham, editor of the Burlington Hawkeye. Strong in short pithy, finger-length editorials, each column of his paper containing ten or twenty terse views on public affairs which went into the homes of Iowa from one end of the State to the other, he built far and wide. Strong men at noon as they came in from work and waited for dinner, women earnest and conscientious, as they snatched during the day a moment from household cares, boys and girls as they came home from

school, read the pithy paragraphs and remembered them. They led the people to an endorsement of his views, to an espousal of the policies he advocated, and it would be impossible to measure the extent of his influence and the magnitude of his work in making Iowa what she is to-day.

He had valuable co-workers all over the State, but time would fail me to mention the Morgans, Phelps. Palmers, Maynards, Russels, Junkins and others who all helped in the making of Iowa.

We live in a busy age and so fast is the onflow of events that the sheets of memory are not large enough to contain all that happens. Like boys at school we are constantly sponging off the slate that we may put on new columns of figures. Our eyes are in the mad race of life almost always turned forward, rarely backward, and such is the eager zest of the life we live that we almost feel like reproaching one who halts us and asks us to turn about and view the path over which we have come, and yet there is wisdom in the backward look.

Sometimes it is the surest way of measuring the progress we have made.

And the delay of the halt and retrospect is often profitable.

The Iowa of which I have been speaking is that Iowa that existed before the war, the Iowa with only two congressional districts; with but a trifle more than half a million people; with only a few miles of railroad running out short distances from the Mississippi river; the Iowa of stages and stage-lines; of freighters and freight-wagons; the Iowa that had never seen or heard of a telephone, a phonograph, or an electric light; Iowa before there was any such city as Omaha, or Kansas City, Denver, Pueblo or Leadville; Iowa when the banks of Cherry Creek, Colorado, were not yet blackened with swarms of gold-hunters; and when oxen hauled provisions up the Platte and across the plains to the far distant frontier soldier.

The strong, lusty republic in which we now live grew from

that Iowa of which I have been speaking; prairie grass has given way to blue grass, timothy and clover; ox-teams and covered wagons to dining cars and Pullman sleepers; trails or wagon tracks across the prairies to railway lines running direct to eastern and western emporiums of commerce; and a sparse new community of pioneers to densely settled counties, little cities not far apart, and all the accompaniments of an old community. But we should not forget the day of small things.

Above all we should pay, because we owe it, our debt of gratitude to the great men, who in that early day shaped things for us and moulded us into lines of thought which are our guiding lines to-day.

All honor to these men of former days. Let us in our day do as well as they have done.

JAMES W. McDILL.

Creston, Iowa, August 4th, 1891.

IOWA PIONEER TRAILS TO CALIFORNIA.



THE valley of the Humboldt river in Nevada is gradually becoming filled with settlements, and now has dotted along it at various intervals thriving towns, many of which can show but little or no improvement of the country immediately surrounding them. Elko and Winnemucca are examples of this class, yet they are thriving towns, their thrift being drawn from mining and agricultural settlements many miles distant. At Beowawe, Battle Mountain, and Lovelocks, beautiful farms with fine and costly buildings and other improvements, are to be seen on every hand, and at these beautiful villages set in the midst of high and rugged mountains, and upon lands once believed to be sterile and valueless, is now to be found a thrift and culture which would gladden the hearts of many a toiler in the great valley of the Mississippi. The great change from desert perils and loneliness to garden beauty, has been brought

about by the use of the waters of the winding Humboldt river, which by the means of dams and canals are now distributed over the desert's stubborn, sandy and sterile breast, and lo! the happiness and power which result.

Thus has been laid the foundations of an empire in the near future; an empire which will feed the millions from its farms and herds, and enrich and bedeck them, with the copper, lead, tin, nickel, silver and gold from its thousands of mines. For not only does the valley of the Humboldt offer to the immigrant the opportunity for settlement, and expansion of his surroundings, through intelligent and industrious effort, from desert waste to fruitful farms and comfortable homes, but a thousand more valleys are to be found between the Utah basin and the Great Sierra Nevada chain which offer in a varied way the same chances of expansion and enrichment.

I am led to give the foregoing description from the fact that the valley of the Humboldt River was, near half a century ago, made the way for the emigration from the then western States and Territories to the golden land of California, and by this choice a trail was made along it which in time was the guide along which was constructed the Central Pacific railway, the western link in the greatest transcontinental railroad in the world. "The Old Emigrant Trail," as it is now called, remains, and in the greater part of its course is a good road to-day. In my intercourse with the people of Nevada and California I am continually reminded of the work done by the early settlers of Iowa in the marking out and the making of this great, and now historic trail. For almost the first, if not the very first train to pass along it and thus make the way for the thousands to follow it, was the ill-fated "Donan Party" which made the trip in 1846, and of which several went from Lee county, Iowa. The story of the journey of this party from the time it left Salt Lake to the canon in the Sierra Nevadas; when more than half of its members met their death from starvation, amid dreadful sufferings from the intense cold and snows of the elevation at which they came to a halt, is

full of misery and death. The trackless wastes over which they made their way were so beset with dangerous difficulties, combined with the horrors of thirst, that even their oxen and horses became crazed and ran away to certain death amid the salty sands.

The great trail divided eastward of Salt Lake. The right hand division going by way of Fort Hall, on the heads of Snake river, and from that point continued on to the Columbia river in Oregon—hence was called “the Oregon Trail.” At Fort Hall again it branched, the left-hand trail making its way along a branch of the Snake, called Goose creek, at the head of which stream the trail crossed the divide between the waters of the Columbia river and those of the Nevada basin and entering the canons at the heads of the Humboldt river followed down along them converging in its valley at a point called Gravelly Ford, which is about four miles above the town of Beowawe. The left-hand branch of the great California trail at the point of divergence east of Salt Lake, came down through the great Wasatch range of mountains and at the lake divided, the left-hand trail going southwesterly to the heads of the Rio Virgin and thence across the great expanse of deserts, the central portions of which are called “Death Valley.” The right-hand trail at the lake passed around its southern extremity and crossing a large expanse of salt desert came around the southern extremity of the great Ruby Range of mountains, and finally by way of what is called Crescent Valley reached the Humboldt at the Gravelly Ford. At the last named place was a famous camping ground, for here was open country giving great space for the horses and cattle worn out by the terrible marches encountered after leaving the verdure-clad peaks of the Wasatch mountains to graze upon nutritious grasses. Here met friends and relatives who had parted eastward of the lake, fully expecting never to meet on earth again; here was to be found all the varieties of human character; here, children were born, marriages celebrated, and here also was death busy at his work. On the

summit of one of the low bluffs to the southwest of Gravelly Ford a grave-yard was established and in it are the remains of the first white woman who died within the limits of Nevada. Her grave seems as fresh to-day as it did when it closed over her remains forty-four years ago, and the inscription upon the rude board placed to mark her resting-place is still legible. The tender-hearted settlers of the valley have erected a tall white cross over her, and have enclosed her resting place with a picket fence. Where are the sorrowing hearts and tender hands which, in the midst of desolation, laid her away and first marked her grave? It is with the "Trail" from Gravelly Ford to the "Sink" of the Humboldt that I have made myself the most familiar, and hardly a mile of that long distance but teems with incidents in which the early settlers of Iowa had a part. Midnight surprises and stampedes by the wily Shoshone Indians, and battles with them to compel surrender of stolen stock, or to teach them to respect the rights of the travellers, lonely graves by the side of the trail here and there tell, of the work of the murderous Indians, the inscription on the head-boards of these solitary resting places reciting so many times, "Killed by Indians." Last summer upon one of my surveying expeditions I chanced to find a camp which shows now, at this late day, to what straits the travellers along the trail were put. The site of the old camp is about fifty miles above the sink of the Humboldt and was pitched upon the summits of some high, white sand bluffs overlooking the river and surrounding country for many miles. Here along these bluffs I saw the irons of wagons by the hundreds strewed in the sands, together with, at times, fragments of the wood work; also there lay knives, forks, hatchets and all kinds of table-ware, brass strips which at one time evidently bound together and ornamented articles of furniture, combs and brushes, carpenter's tools and guns.

The wrought iron articles had in all respects, except shape, returned to rust, even thick bars of iron were eaten through and through so completely that it was only by their shapes that

it could be known that they once had been given form by the hand of man. The cast iron articles showed but little change in this particular and the cast boxes of the wagon hubs seemed quite familiar to me, differing so much from that kind of contrivance of to-day. Indeed the blacksmithing shows it to be quite as distinctive from the present work of the kind as do the old wheel boxes differ in style from those now in use. Brass and copper articles showed but little change. Of the wood in wagons and other articles left here, all that has not been burned seemed as sound as it was the day it was left here. Set after set of tent pegs are standing in the sandy soil just as they were driven in that early, and it may be, direful day. The hickory used in the wagon tops for bows over which to draw the canyás covers was perfectly sound.

I saw a gun lying in the sand. It was one of the old style muzzle loading rifles; it seemed as if I had seen it before. I took it by the muzzle and as I lifted it up, the barrel crumbled in my hands, and became mere fragments of iron ore, as did the greater part of the lock. When I had got done with my examination of it there remained in my hands but a few fragments having definite forms. These fragments I send to the editor of THE RECORD to be deposited in the museum of the State Historical Society. As I stood upon this old camp ground and viewed the remnants of mechanical work done half a century ago, I felt as if I was viewing work done by the Ushers, Coles and Willis, in their blacksmith shops in Iowa City in 1846, and that old gun brought to my mind the familiar face and form of kind-hearted, genial Father Crummy, our first gun-smith, and it seemed as if I here saw the work of whip-saw, axe and plane, upon the oak, ash, and hickory which in that early day grew in forests upon the bluffs and hills of Iowa.

I looked over the scene and asked of myself what dire necessity caused the abandonment of all this property which had at this point but a small part of the journey yet to perform. Did murderous Indians in midnight foray bring death and

destruction suddenly into the midst of these timorous but watchful campers, did all the band fall victims to the knife and arrows of the savage butchers, or were the tired oxen and jaded horses aroused suddenly into a maddened stampede by the yells and gestures of mounted savages, and breaking all bounds in their tornado-like flight, leave the camp and disappear forever from the benighted band of campers. Perhaps the story may never be told, but certain it is that no common occurrence caused the abandonment of so much property at a point so near to the end of the continental journey.

Above this abandoned camp about thirty miles, are the famous Lassen, named from the pioneer guide and trapper, Peter Lassen, who made it a business to convoy trains of emigrants from the Rocky mountains to the gold fields of Feather river in California. He on these Meadows erected a house and store, and lived at this place some years. His route to the gold fields left the Humboldt river at the Meadows and crossing Cedar mountains by way of Cedar and Rabbit Hole Springs, crossed the Black Rock Desert, going by its great boiling spring, thence crossing the Smoke Creek Desert it entered California through Fedonia Pass near a well-known mountain called after the discoverer of the trail and pass, Lassen's Butte.

Below the "deserted camp" about two days' journey is the "Sink of the Humboldt," which is a lake about forty-five miles long and about twelve miles wide at its widest part. Here the emigrants made a halt in order to recruit their jaded animals for the last hard pull before them, which was over the salt marshes and sands of the sink of the Carson river, the distance across it being from sixty to one hundred miles, with but little grass and all the water salt or brackish. Once upon the Carson river, the grass was abundant and the water good, and it only remained to cross the Sierra Nevada mountains to reach the end of the journey.

It was at the sink of the Humboldt that occurred an inci-

dent in the trip of one of the parties going out from Johnson county in 1850. In this party were Henry Felkner, Philip Clark, Sam. J. Hess, Judge Hawkins, John Linderman, and many others of the pioneers of Iowa. One of the party had been suspected of stealing; he was a young fellow and never had a very good name anyway; at least the evidence had been secured pointing clearly to him as the guilty person, he having exchanged a marked gold piece for some needed article. This gold piece was fully identified by its owner by the marks he had put upon it. A court was held at Humboldt Sink and it was decided to take the fellow's cattle and sell them at auction, the proceeds to be paid to the loser by the theft and the thief to be banished from the camp and party. The conclusions of the court were carried out. Henry Felkner was appointed to act as sheriff and to sell the cattle; he proceeded to do his duty, and as he was driving them to the place of sale the thief suddenly picked up his rifle and declared that he would kill Felkner if he proceeded. Instantly Philip Clark brought his rifle to bear upon the thief's head declaring that if he, the thief, should fire upon Felkner his life should instantly pay the penalty. Felkner did not falter nor pause a moment, but came on with the cattle facing the rifle which ready cocked and with trigger set was aimed directly at his head. The thief knowing that sure death would be his portion if he fired, slowly dropped his gun, the cattle were sold and the proceeds paid over to the loser by the theft. The thief was turned adrift upon the trail and made the balance of the journey with other parties. This was the first court to try a cause in Nevada. Some of the members of that party now live here.

C. W. IRISH.

Reno, Nevada, Sept. 25th, 1891.

LYMAN C. DRAPER, LL.D.



EATH has removed the man, who in the field of historical collections had no superior. As Secretary of the Wisconsin Historical Society Dr. Draper achieved a most honorable reputation. The results of his persistent labors for forty years are seen in the Library of the Historical Society at Madison. During these years he has been unconsciously building his own monument.

In using the term "persistent labors" the writer speaks advisedly. It was his good fortune to know Dr. Draper when he was bearing a burden from which many another would have shrunk. Only by the most strenuous effort of Dr. Draper and a few friends who nobly supported his endeavors, could a meager salary be obtained from the State Legislature. Still was his purpose unshaken. "This one thing I do" was his inspiring motto. Once only did he *seem* to turn aside from this purpose, when he accepted an election as State Superintendent of Public Instruction for a single term. As the Superintendent was permitted to choose the place for his public office he selected the rooms then occupied by the Historical Society in a church basement.

All persons having business with this important State office, and such were most generally the most intelligent people of the State, were brought into acquaintance with the work of Dr. Draper as Secretary of the Historical Society. His chief clerk served also as Librarian of the Society. The two years of this intimate connection of the school office with the Historical Society proved the turning point in the existence of the latter body. The work of neither organization suffered by this union. The Assistant Superintendent of Public Instruction was a very competent man, and left Dr. Draper free to continue his great work. The political opposition to the holding of two salaried offices (though the combined salaries were but two thousand dollars) aroused Dr. Draper's friends to renewed effort, and for the next twenty-five years the

State accepted with pride the work so unselfishly carried on for many years preceding.

When the State assigned elegant quarters to the collections of the Historical Society in her new capitol, paying cheerfully the salaries of Secretary, Librarian and Clerk, thus recognizing the worth of Dr. Draper's work for her interests, his health began to fail and for seven years at least he has battled against disease.

Examination of his literary effects will disclose the fact that during these years of great feebleness of body his mind continued active in his chosen work.

It was his thought to prepare and publish many brief sketches, biographical and otherwise, and there is no doubt a rich collection of material ready for some one who is a more ready writer than he was.

Dr. Draper was of slight physique, retiring in manner, seeking but few acquaintances, but ready to communicate with those who sought him out. For five years of the writer's residence in Madison he does not recall a single public occasion on which Dr. Draper took any prominent part. From his desk in the Library of the Historical Society he was seldom absent during long office hours. Seven years ago the writer met him for the last time in a public gathering, his part assumed by a friend who read a brief address prepared by him, as he was unable to speak aloud.

Few men have labored so quietly and so unselfishly as Dr. Draper, and few will have a richer reward in the memory of coming generations.

P.

ALEXANDER R. FULTON.



AMONG the more recent associations that have come to stay is that of the "Pioneer Law Makers Association." In 1882 through the efforts of Judge Francis Springer of Louisa county who had been President of the Constitutional Convention of 1857 a reunion

of the surviving members was held at the State capital. That proved a grand success which was largely due to the efforts of Judge Springer. Out of that grew the "Pioneer Law Makers Association" which was called to meet at Des Moines in 1886 during the session of General Assembly. Norman Boardman of Lyons who had been Senator from Clinton county from 1862-66, is entitled to the credit of having inaugurated this movement. Under the call the membership included those between 1838 and 1866.

At that meeting it was resolved to organize a permanent association to hold biennial sessions during those of the General Assembly, and to add two years at each period to make up for the loss incurred by death of those of the former years. At the last session held in January 1890, Judge Johnstone, who had been a member of the Territorial House of Representatives at its second session in 1839, was elected President and Judge A. R. Fulton of Des Moines, who had represented Jefferson county in the Senate of 1855, was made Secretary.

The Executive Committee had already commenced the making of arrangements for the reunion of 1892 when the President, Judge Johnstone, yielded to the summons of death and ceased his earthly labors.

The mention of his death appeared in *THE RECORD* as in the papers of the State generally. That sad tidings was very soon followed by a notice of the death of Judge Fulton, which occurred on September 29th last.

Judge Fulton was more widely known to the people of the State as an editor than as a legislator, having for many years conducted with credit to himself the *Fairfield Ledger*. He also held various county offices and was clerk at one time of the House of Representatives. Through his life he was prominent in political affairs and won the respect and esteem of his political opponents as well as of his party associates.

He is more widely known to men of letters as the author of a most valuable work entitled "The Red Men of Iowa," a

work now out of print, exceedingly rare and much sought after by those interested in the history of Indian affairs. Besides this work he published a number of pamphlets bearing upon the history of the State, especially as regards its resources, and compiled with a view to opening up the way for emigration, in which he also rendered the State great service.

At the last session of the "Pioneer Law Makers Association" he was not only elected Secretary but edited and published the proceedings of that and the two preceding sessions, a work which will become a standard as time passes, being filled with historical reminiscences of men and events, and the association had calculated largely upon his usefulness in that sphere of labor when he too was relieved by death.

The death of these two distinguished pioneers and legislators has not only left vacancies in the official ranks of the association but among the pioneers, who of those early periods are fast passing away.

Judge Trimble (also of Keokuk), being the first Vice-President becomes acting President, and Hon. Chas. Aldrich succeeds our old friend Fulton as Secretary, being his first assistant.

Judge Fulton was born in Chillicothe, Ohio, October 11th, 1825, and was of Scotch descent. He was educated at Mt. Pleasant Academy, at Kingston, Ohio, and devoted himself earnestly to the profession of civil engineering. In 1850 he located at Fairfield, Jefferson county, Iowa, where he studied law and was admitted to the bar.

In 1870 he removed to the capital city which has been his residence since. Upon the organization of the State Board of Immigration he was elected its Secretary and became very prominent in the work of advertising the State abroad. He also served as Secretary of the Board of Capitol Commissioners and in every position to which he was called proved to be honest; faithful and capable.

In politics he was a Whig of the old school but identified

himself with the Republican party upon its organization and continued to act with that to the period of his death. He was a delegate to the convention which organized the party at Iowa City in 1854.

To the pioneers his death will prove a great loss while the people of the State will largely miss him from the circle whose labors have been productive of much good to the State.

T. S. P.

ELIZABETH S. GRIMES.

Born in Lee, N. H., May 31, 1825.

Died in Washington, D. C., June 22, 1890.

[Her father, Edward B. Nealley, 1784—1837, was of the third generation from William Nealley, who emigrated from the North of Ireland, and settled in Nottingham, N. H., about the year 1725.

Her mother, Sally True, 1789—1850, was of the seventh generation from Henry True, who came from England to Salem, Mass., about 1630 or 1635.

She was married to James W. Grimes, Nov. 9th, 1846, by Rev. W. Salter, at Burlington, Iowa Territory.]

At the funeral service held at her late home in Washington, D. C., June 23, 1890, after selections from Scripture and one of Whittier's hymns, read by the Rev. Dr. Shippen, Mr. Salter said:



HE faith and hope of Holy Writ and of the poet of spiritual Christianity had impersonation in the life whose earthly term is closed. That the Eternal Goodness is with us now and here, that this world is an ante-chamber of heaven's portals, that our present life is not disjoined and dis severed from the life eternal, that it is for us to make the present radiant and aglow with divine inspiration and do God's will on earth as it is done in heaven,—this was the pervasive sentiment of the spirit now departed.

We pay our tribute of respect and honor to one gifted with superior faculties, endowed with rare poise and balance of mind, enriched with a gracious and generous disposition, who discharged the various trusts that fell to her lot with wisdom

and judgment, and with entire devotion to duty, as the duty of every day required. To native strength of mind there was joined a transparent sincerity of purpose, before which nothing but what was fair and just and good had a moment's attention. In the purity of her own heart she found the vision of God and the open heaven. In her studies and thoughts she grasped the great questions that have agitated inquiring minds in this generation, and was an attentive observer of the progress of the century in science and art and philosophy and religion, and in the moral and social improvement of humanity, especially of the American people, and kept it upon her conscience, as it was given her to see the right, to help with sympathy and with firm but quiet endeavor in the liberation of truth, in the enlargement of freedom, and in the amelioration of human suffering and sorrow.

United in early life to one who afterward, as Governor of Iowa and as a Senator of the United States, gained honor and distinction in a critical period of the Nation's life, she helped with firm counsel and with the quick intuition of an unbiased mind and an unerring judgment in determining the struggle of that period upon the foundations of equity and liberty for all. The higher civilization of the Republic, the enthronement of justice, the education of the whole people, the unfolding of the noblest chapter of the book of time in the future history of the country, were her ideals of national prosperity and glory.

This strong and resolute mind, combined with the utmost delicacy and refinement, and a perfect command of every temper and feeling, gave serenity and composure to her character in all changes and circumstances, and she met the vicissitudes of life with never a murmur or complaint, but hoped always, trusted always, believed always, assured that not more certainly day follows night in this world than that the eternal morning will reveal the Eternal Goodness without a cloud in the world to come.

For more than forty years, if I may be pardoned a personal

reference, this vision of a pure and quiet life, hid with Christ in God, has passed before me, radiant with heaven's sunshine, filled with a thousand unremembered acts of kindness and of love, diffusing blessings on every side and among all classes from the humblest to the highest, giving comfort and cheer to the immigrant who felt as a stranger in a strange land, to the refugee from oppression, whether fleeing from slavery upon our own soil, or from some cruel despotism in the old world, and sharing with large sympathy in the trials and sorrows of a wide circle of relatives and friends.

In humble homes and in homes of affluence there are hearts that mourn with us, that they are no more to share in this world, save as a sacred memory, the immediate sympathy and kindly greeting of the hands now folded in the repose of death.

Let us then be animated, my friends, to follow this good example, and take heart for a pure, serene and unselfish life. In the holy faith, as expressed by one of her favorite poets, that "we fall to rise, that we are baffled to fight better, that we sleep to wake," she now rests in God, where that soaring mind, that kindly spirit, that pure heart, finds congenial home in the kingdom of the just.

The interment was at Burlington, Iowa, June 25th, where at the old home Mr. Salter said:

The bright and beautiful life that cheered and strengthened so many of us has now vanished, to appear in other realms, and gladden other mansions. Born in New Hampshire, she came with her widowed mother, her sisters, and her brother Joseph, to this city in 1844, following her brother Greenleaf, who had preceded the family in coming to the West a few years earlier.

At the age of twenty-one, her gentle spirit, her modest dignity, her thoughtful temper of mind, won the affection and confidence of one who appreciated sterling qualities of character, and they joined hearts and hands in making a new home in our city in the year 1846. For a few years they resided on

Main street, where now stands the Union Hotel, then occupied by a beautiful garden and orchard, filled with choice flowers and fruits. In 1850 Mr. Grimes built this house, then far out upon the prairie, and here, to the close of his honored life, in 1872, was the happy home of faithful love and sweet content. The naked prairie was soon embowered in the shade of beautiful and glorious trees, and under the hand of taste and culture the quiet loveliness and repose which nature assumed in the environment of the home was a fit image of the grace and dignity that reigned within.

In 1854, Mr. Grimes was called to the Chief Magistracy of this Commonwealth, and in 1859 to a seat in the Senate of the Nation. Mrs. Grimes usually accompanied him to Washington, and was the good angel by his side in the anxious and troubled years of the Nation's transformation. When his health was stricken down, she went with him to Europe; but wherever their sojourn, this remained to them the dearest spot on earth, and whether under the dome of the Capitol, or in London or Paris, or amid the lakes and the mountains of Switzerland, their hearts, untravelled, turned with fond anticipation and desire to these familiar scenes. Since the death of Mr. Grimes eighteen years ago, the sacred memories of the home have known no change. Though much of her time was passed elsewhere, to escape the rigor of our winter months, the old home never lost its superior charm, and to the last Mrs. Grimes looked upon a return to it with pleasure and with hope.

But no one more fully realized the uncertainty of every earthly expectation, or made every plan in life with a more humble and trustful spirit of acquiescence in the Will Supreme. To her all the ways of the Lord were mercy and truth, and in health and sickness, and in life and death she saw the providence of the Heavenly Father, who is good when He gives, and none the less when He denies.

Of the strength of character and purity of mind and magnanimity of nature and generosity of spirit that marked the

life now closed, we are all witnesses; and no prayer can be more appropriate than that similar measures of the Holy Spirit, of the Spirit of wisdom, of power, of love and of a sound mind, may rest upon her relatives and friends, and upon us all, until we, too, shall "wrap the mantle of our couch about us, and lie down to pleasant dreams."

AN OLD SETTLER'S POEM.

READ AT THE REUNION OF THE OLD SETTLERS OF JOHNSON COUNTY IN 1891,
BY H. W. LATHROP.

From forty years of soundest sleep,
Continuous, prolonged and deep
Awake awhile my drowsy Muse.
Nor now your kindest aid refuse,
Drop from your lyre some pleasant verse
And let my pen the lines rehearse
While I recount of early years
The story of our pioneers,
When Philip Clark and Ely Myers*
First left the hearthstones of their sires
To found within the wilderness
Homes that themselves and friends would bless.
Where Trowbridge, Sanders and the Frys
Could live beneath benignant skies,
And spend the balance of their lives
In peace and comfort with their wives,
And fill their homes with earthly joys,
And hearty virtuous girls and boys.
Where church, the press, and common school
Without exception are the rule,
And where a deep and fertile soil
Would give reward for all their toil.
Where Swisher, Kerr and Winterstein
Could overturn the prairies green,
And till each one the fertile field
That should the golden harvest yield.
Where gentle rain distils in drops
To irrigate the growing crops,
And where those crops will not be lost
By drouth, or flood, or chilling frost,

*The two first white settlers of Johnson County.

And where the balmy breeze may fan
 The fervid brow of lab'ring man.
 Where Wilson, in the Great North Bend,
 His herds and flocks in peace may tend,
 And where, along each flowing creek
 The wild, wild game the hunters seek,
 And where with most unerring skill
 The deer and wolf and ducks they kill.
 Where Carleton with his lore profound
 His country's laws could well expound,
 And teach us from judicial bench
 On others' rights not to entrench,
 For he'd a sheriff who was Abel *
 To lock us in the county stable,
 In other words who would not fail
 To lock us in the county jail,
 If we were guilty of the crime
 Of stealing prose or stealing rhyme.
 Where Folsom, Reagan, legal giants,
 Maintained the causes of their clients,
 And made, when 'twas not crime or treason
 "The worse appear the better reason,"
 And to the jury in the box
 Explained each seeming paradox,
 And made their case though black as night
 Appear like brilliant noonday light.
 And where our Clarks† and George Paul
 Could sit in Legislative Hall
 And make for us most wholesome laws
 In favor of fair Freedom's cause.
 And where the printer Thomas Hughes
 Would publish for us all the news.
 And where, to do the state most good,
 They made a governor of Kirkwood,
 Which was, as you will all remember,
 The best of gubernatorial timber.
 Where Dr. Murray with his pills
 Could cure you of your various ills,
 And when the dreaded fever and ague
 Came on with chills and sweats to plague you,
 With sulphate quinine would assure you
 He could effectually cure you.
 Where Yewell with his pencil's strokes,
 Could picture other peoples jokes

*John D. Abel sheriff in 1846.

†John, Rush and Ezekiel were members of the Legislature and W. Penn of the last Constitutional Convention.

And on his canvas well display
The scenes of of many an early day
Where mem'ry as she backward stretches
Calls up his youthful "Charcoal Sketches."
Where Lathrop could collect the scholars
And trade his learning for their dollars.
But in him it was very rash
To trade so little for their cash.
And when this learning was imparted
The stock was left with which he started.
He never traded them his rhymes,
Reserving those for other times.
Where Gaymon never put on airs
But made us most substantial chairs.
Where Roberts, who was christened Peter,
Made tables, bureaus, always neater
Than his competitor, M. Cropper,
(But I have told a startling whopper.)
As all their goods when made of wood
Were very, very, very good.
Indeed so all their various wares
Were strong and firm like Gaymon's chairs.
In early times we had a Gower
That on us his dry goods would shower,
And by the yard and by the bolt
They were dealt out by Joseph Holt,
Who was his partner in the trade,
A strong and heavy firm they made,
And sold their goods, as was their luck,
For ready cash and "country truck."
If you had neither and you said it
They'd sell you goods upon your credit
And get their pay, when by hard work
You harvested your crop of pork.

In those old times at church on Sunday
We never met with Mrs. Grundy,
For then the pictured fashion plate
Was never peddled in our state,
And in their neat and plain homespun
Our belles were wooed and beaux were won.
Each one engaged in honest labor,
And each was equal to his neighbor;
Each was to each a friend and brother,
And no one felt above another.

In eighteen hundred thirty-eight
Proud Iowa became a state,

Or rather, to make true my story,
She then was made a territory.
The month as history has averred,
Was hot July, the day, the third.

More wolves, elk, deer did she have then
Than stalwart, vigorous, full grown men,
And in her rivers were more fish
Than any epicure could wish.
With birds of every plume and feather
In rainy, fair or cloudy weather,
Our groves and copses all were filled
More than by hunters could be killed.
Wild turkey, duck and prairie hen
Made food to suit the best of men,
While flesh of tender fawn and deer
Was quite enough to give good cheer,
And in the groves were plums so fair
They took the place of fruit more rare.
And in the timber were blackberries
More rich than Early Richmond cherries,
And ripe and luscious red strawberries
Were gathered on our native prairies.

From small pappoose to Poweshiek,
Red men were here on every creek,
And though they were not over good
They never thirsted for our blood.
They were not fascinating neighbors
Nor were they fond of severe labors,
Were mostly sane, not often crazy,
But most incorrigibly lazy.
In their rude dances they were frisky
And always very fond of whisky.

But they are gone and o'er their graves
No mournful weeping willow waves,
These graves unmarked by sign of sorrow
Are checkered by the plowman's furrow,
Devoid of monumental stone
Their very places are unknown.
Where once was the rude Indian trail
There now is laid the iron rail.
Where Indian ponies took their courses
Is heard the snort of iron horses,
And Indian whoops of fear promotive
Displaced by scream of locomotive.
Weighed down with products of the plains
Are ponderous lengthy railroad trains.
In early times 'twas Frink and Walker

Whose team often contained a balker
To every point of compass bore us
With driver humming merry chorus,
And the best driver on the seat
Was sober, steady John Van Fleet.
Our county seat and Muscatine
Three times a week they plied between
Till later years when Porter, Colonel,
Sent out his coach and teams diurnal.
Then after him came iron horses
That drove his teams from all their courses.

Not in cold stage through winter's storm
We ride in coaches now made warm,
Nor do our toes and fingers shiver
Riding o'er plain or over river.
Stage coach, from slough no more we delve it
But ride on cushioned seats of velvet,
Instead of driver whipping team
The grimy fireman gets up steam.
Five miles an hour, we travelled slow.
Now forty miles an hour we go.

On Time's broad guideboard we will plaster
The fact that we are growing faster,
And that we've left the deep old ruts,
Yet without any "ifs" or "buts,"
And that in every forward movement
Is seen our progress and improvement.

Our aged poet, friend Magill,
Who all his duties did fulfill,
Has gone beyond this mortal shore
And we shall hear his rhymes no more.
But we have yet within our reach
Our other poet, Abel Beach,
Whose rhythmic learning, rich and rare,
We hope he long with us may share.

Old settlers all to you good cheer!
I hope we'll meet again next year,
And that our earthly race will run
Beyond the year of ninety-one,
And that we one and all may woo
The August gales of ninety-two,
And that our going hence may be
Beyond the year of ninety-three.
We can not now much longer stay
We one by one fast pass away.
Let's live, that when our race is run,
The meed of praise will be,—"Well done."

SCENES IN EARLY IOWA.*



OLD man that he is, verging closely upon the completion of his eightieth year, Mr. A. W. Harlan of Croton, Iowa, is still rugged, resourceful and clear of brain. It was the good fortune of the writer to act as his host one evening this week. It is Mr. Harlan's delight to discuss with gusto and interest the scenes and incidents that were transpiring in Iowa fifty and sixty years ago. For over fifty-seven years he has lived on the Des Moines river in the vicinity of Croton, Keosauqua and Bentonsport. He met all of the big Indian chiefs and noted Sac and Fox warriors when they were in the Iowa country previous to the treaties, and acquiring some knowledge of the Indian tongue he was able to converse with them and to understand them without the aid of an interpreter. Mr. Harlan in his young days was smitten with the romance of the faint and wild civilization, if so it might be called, of the superstitious and impulsive red men, and the recital of their legends and beliefs to him by the medicine men of the Sac and Fox tribe, made such an impression on him that it has tinged his imagination with a peculiar and refined beauty, which has improved with age until it is now rare and ethereal indeed. His memory of the early pioneer experiences is quite vivid, while his recital of them in appropriate description leaves nothing to be desired. It is, therefore, a rare intellectual feast to pass an evening in his company. Mr. Harlan is a native of Union county, Indiana, where he was born in 1811. In 1834 he came up the Mississippi river on a steamer as far as Tully, where he made a small row-boat and ascended the river to the mouth of the Des Moines. He had heard much of the beauty and fertility of the Des Moines valley, and was determined to settle there. His first landing place on the Des Moines was at Saint Francisville, Mo., and thence he visited Sweet Home and Bonaparte, going then to Montrose, where he was employed in the work of building barracks for the soldiers. In December, 1834, he settled on a claim near Bentonsport, and with the exception of four years spent as a soldier in the Civil War, and a few years in California during the gold craze, he has lived ever since within gunshot of the Des Moines river.

We have made no effort to jot down more than a few of

*Reprinted from the Burlington Post.

the most interesting of his recollections. In the course of our conversation with him it transpired that he was the author of a lengthy series of articles which appeared in the *Keokuk Gate City* about fifteen years ago, descriptive of pioneer life and privation. He is a man who loves the romantic tinge of his story, and he fashions it as cleverly as though he were a sculptor modeling with the plastic clay.

Previous to the year 1823 the valley of the Des Moines river was held in possession by the Iaway tribe of Indians. This tribe was not greatly inclined to war, but the Sacs and Foxes coveted possession of the fair valley and waged a war of extermination against them for a hundred years. The headquarters of the Iaway tribe was on the Des Moines river at a spot since known as Iowaville. Its location was not far distant from the present town of Eldon. Pashepaho was a great war chief of the Sac and Fox tribe, who had won his position by his prowess in battle. He had made frequent raids into villages of the Iaways, wounding and killing many, and always himself escaping unhurt. Fifteen years after the big battle and massacre of the Iaways at Iowaville on the first of May, 1823, Mr. Harlan heard from the lips of Pashepaho, in the Indian dialect, the story of this decisive and bloody conflict. Pashepaho was at that time visiting at the home of an old hunter and trader named Sullivan, who lived at Bentonsport, being one of the founders of the town. Contrary to the usual stolidity of the Indian character, he evinced a good deal of emotion while describing the fight, and seemed to regard his participation in this wanton and brutal slaughter of men, women and children as being the most illustrious and notable accomplishment of his whole miserable and savage career. The books have but little to say of this battle, because the details of it are very meagre. The fullest account of it that is extant is from the pen of Mr. Harlan as he heard it from the lips of Pashepaho in the jargon of that savage. On the day of the battle the Iowa Indians were celebrating their successful return from the hunt by a series of horse races, and the victors were to be allowed to compose a band to make a raid on Black Hawk's camp on Rock river in Illinois. These races were to take place at sunrise. In the meantime, by a remarkable coincidence, Black Hawk and his band of braves were on their way to attack the Iaways, traveling the distance from Rock Island to the mouth of the Des Moines in one night, in their bark canoes. Here they secreted themselves

in the timber until evening, and marching and rowing along the Des Moines all night, came upon the Iaways at sunrise. The surprise was complete, and many of the Iaways were slaughtered while attempting to regain the village where they had left their lances and knives. The contest waged without any cessation on either side from sunrise until the shades of evening. The fighting was in the Indian fashion, with bows and arrows, tomahawks and knives. Pashepaho, war chief of the Sacs and Foxes, himself killed many of the Iaways. After the first fury of the conflict had spent itself, by a concert of understanding each tribe would march out twenty-five or fifty warriors and engage an equal number of the enemy. The Sacs and Foxes had the best arms and the most savage leaders, and by the dusk of the evening the fighting men among the Iaways had all been killed. Pashepaho and his followers then swarmed into the village and began an indiscriminate massacre of the invalid old men, the women and children. Only a very few of the latter were spared—such an insignificant remnant, indeed, that Black Hawk offered afterward to adopt them into his tribe. As to the actual number of fighting men engaged in this old-time battle, there can be little more than vague conjecture, while the same may be said also as to the number of Iaways that were slain. Indians were prone to exaggerate events of that kind in their own favor, but even Pashepaho could not be induced to make an estimate as to numbers,—which need not be considered surprising when it is remembered that the ordinary wild Indian cannot count above a hundred and has next to no conception of the relative value of numbers. The fact to be borne in mind, however, is that this conflict settled the title to the Iowa country in the Sac and Fox tribe until the whites came along and purchased it of them. Mr. Harlan visited the old battle ground soon after the subsidence of the great flood of 1851, and saw many human bones and implements of savage warfare strewn about, where they had been washed out of the ground by the great rush of waters. Black Hawk afterwards built himself a residence on this battlefield, died there, and was buried there. Pashepaho's Indian name was "Stabbing Chief," which he was, every inch of him.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

DEATHS.

EDWARD JOHNSTONE, pioneer, lawyer, orator and statesman, died at his home in Keokuk the 27th of last May, aged seventy-six years. He was born in Pennsylvania, but came to Iowa in its early territorial period, and settled in Lee county, making his residence at Fort Madison until a few years ago. His personality impressed one no less with the power of his mind than by the greatness of his body, boned, muscled and sinewed for strength. He had a kindly beaming face, and his massive head was crowned with long, silvery-white locks, which indicated his phlegmatic temperament. Thus he appeared to a stranger as he loomed up in the convention which framed the present constitution of Iowa, a body containing a number remarkable for ability and altitude, a colossus among giants. Two of Johnstone's brothers were state governors, one of California and the other of Pennsylvania, having been elected on the same day in October, 1853. On that day a friend visited their mother in her modest home in the mountains of Pennsylvania, expecting to see her in a condition of painful anxiety, but the old lady was found quietly smoking her pipe, undisturbed by the momentous popular verdict then being rendered by the people of two great states of the Union in which two of her sons were vitally interested.

NOTES.

SINCE our July issue, which contained an extract from the *Marengo Republican* regarding the Amana Society, an excellent sketch of the Society has been published by the University in a monograph prepared by Prof. W. R. Perkins and B. L. Wick. We regret not having seen the monograph before reprinting the article alluded to. In our next issue will appear a fuller notice.





John Hay
§ 14. Millions